Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.
Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst?
The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue?
My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said, deare brother, liue and be a king?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himselfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vassailes
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defaste
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniustly too, must graunt it you:
But for my brother, not a mast would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him, poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue bene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence.

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruite
How that the guiltie kin
Lookt pale when they di
Oh, they did vrge it still
God will reuenge it. But
To comfort Edward with

Enter Dutches of

Boy. Tell me good Gra
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wri
And crie, Oh Clarence
Girle. Why do you lo
And call vs wretches, Or
If that our noble father
Dut. My prettie Cos
I do lament the sickneste
As loath to loose him, n
It were lost labour to we
Boy. Then Granam yo
The King my Vncle is t
God will reuenge it, wh
With dayly prayers all t
Dut. Peace children p
Incapable and shallow i
You cannot gesse who c
Boy. Granam, we can:
Told me, the King prou
Deuis'd impeachments t
And when he told me s
And hugd me in his arm
And bad me relie on hin
And he wold loue me de
Dut. Oh that deceit s
And with a vertuous viz
He is my sonne, yea, and
Yet from my dugs he dr
Boy. Thinke you my
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke i

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